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# THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

VOL. I.—No. 5.

MONTREAL, 4th AUGUST, 1888.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM.  
10 CENTS PER COPY.



A new version of "SHE," or The baneful effect of Power on Policy.



# The Dominion Illustrated.

10 cents per copy; \$4 a year.

G. E. DESBARATS & SON, Publishers,  
162 ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

4th AUGUST, 1888.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

**N**OW is the time to subscribe to the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, and secure the back numbers while they are to be had. Send \$4.00 for one year, or \$1.00 for a trial of three months, to the Publishers, or the Toronto office.

Club terms on application.

AGENCY OF "THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED" IN TORONTO.—Messrs. ALEX. S. MACRAE & SON, of 127 Wellington street, Toronto, are our agents for Toronto and Western Ontario, authorised to receive subscriptions and take advertisements for "THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED."

**TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.**—We are anxious to procure good photographs of important events, men of note, city and town views, forest and farm operations, seaside resorts, mountain and prairie scenery, salmon and trout fishing, yachting, etc., from all parts of the Dominion, and we ask photographers, amateur and professional, to show their patriotism, as well as their love of art, by sending us prints of such subjects as may enable us to lay before our readers, at home and abroad, interesting and attractive pictures of Canada.

Correspondents sending manuscripts which they wish returned, if not accepted, are requested to enclose stamps for return postage.

Next issue will contain a fine Cartoon on the Welland Canal question; views of the Toronto University Buildings, the Glacier Range in the Rockies, &c.; portraits of the Hon. Mr. Mercier, Premier of Quebec, J. J. Curran, M. P., for Montreal Center, etc., etc.



A wild story comes from the Eastern Townships. A man, named Morrison, killed another, called Warner, and fled to the woods. A reward of \$400 is offered for his capture, but he braves his pursuers and they dare not go near him. He roams over the whole country side, spreading terror on his path. He stalked into Richmond town the other day, with loaded rifle, walked up to a public bar, gulped down a drink, and strode back, hurling defiance right and left of him, and tauntingly asking about the "detectives" watching his tracks.

Newspapers have made us familiar with such scenes and we do not mind them. But what we should mind is that this lawlessness is invading our own country and our own homes. There is no comfort in seeing our peaceful provinces become as unsafe for human life as the American Wild West, or the Land of the Abruzzi. It is to be hoped that Morrison will be hunted down and caught by some brave man or men, and that Canadian bushmen will get rid of the would-be Canadian Werners, Monreales and Fra Diavolos.

There seems to be a clear case against the sparrow. For years past complaints have been made of him, and when, for a time, the story went forth that the birds were dying out, congratulation be-

came general. But the pest is now worse than ever. They have not only driven away our native birds, but they live almost wholly on grain and fruit. They appear to be especially fond of grapes. In England there are periodical raids against the bird, fifty of which go to the making of a pie, but they soon swarm again over all the hedges and garths.

A proof of the revival of interest among Canadians in their history is the celebration of anniversaries of national events as they come around. The festivities held at the village of Drummondville, near Niagara Falls, to commemorate the seventy-fourth anniversary of the battle of Lundy's Lane, is a case in point. The trenches where the gallant dead were buried, in the village graveyard, were strewn with flags, and the tomb of Laura Secord, whose name Mrs. Curzon and Charles Mair have embalmed in verse, was the goal of patriotic pilgrimage.

More striking than any similar event, because of the pleasant personal aspect of the case, is the return of Lord and Lady Dufferin, from India to England, by the Canadian Pacific steamer and railway. It was just like Lord Dufferin's thoughtfulness and fancy for agreeable coincidences to take in Canada on his way home, passing with a rush of steam over those prairies, and through that Fertile Belt, which he was one of the first to make known to the world.

All the respectable press of Canada should combine to have an eye on the Ishmaelites who manufacture stories meant to stain the fair name of their country, impair its credit abroad, and give the croakers, within its borders, an opportunity of venting their spleen on institutions which they hate in their hearts and would exchange for a foreign sway, if they could. The American press has many features which we do not fancy, but there is one which we should follow. Every American paper always speaks well of the country, and never allows one word to appear against it in its columns.

There seems to be a great deal of idle talk, founded on ignorance and irresponsible rumour, about the withdrawal of the Pope from Rome to Elba, or some other island of the Mediterranean. Whoso understands the Papal system, philosophically and historically, should know that Rome and the Pope are one and the same thing. The eighty years of Avignon have proved that forevermore. The Pope will not leave the Eternal City unless he is driven from it *vi et armis*, and that is a contingency which cannot easily be foreseen.

Of the four candidates for Presidential and Vice-presidential honours in the United States, whose likenesses were published last week in the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, only one—Allan G. Thurman—is a truly great man, while the others are but "available mediocrities." Indeed, of the twenty-one Presidents, only half a dozen may be ranked in greatness, as Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Jackson and Lincoln. Whatever his grade as a soldier, General Grant was not a great President, and neither is Mr. Cleveland, in spite of his sturdy common sense and high honour. Mr. Thurman is cast in another mould altogether, being a genuine statesman, who will leave a lasting name behind him.

New Jersey is making an innovation, or, rather, a reformation, which is so simple that we may well wonder that it was never undertaken before. Hereafter the two sexes will not be allowed to

bathe promiscuously in the great tank lately constructed on the beach at Ashbury Park, although ladies may still meet their friends in the surf. Coming nearer home, it has always looked odd to us that the bathers of the Montreal Swimming Club, at St. Helen's Island, should be exposed to the view of women and girls sitting on the rocks above.

After New Jersey, its neighbour, New York, introduces what it pleases to call another reform. The pain of death by hanging is to be abolished and replaced by the electric shock, and the gallows must give way to the galvanic battery. If the object be to make death instantaneous, it is to be hoped that electricity will prove more effectual with man than it does with cattle, where it was sought to supersede therewith the butcher's cleaver, club or knife, without much success. Strangling and beheading—as in the modern guillotine—have hitherto been practised with great expedition, and it is doubtful whether electricity will invariably work as well.

## THE PROGRESS OF CANADA.

We briefly stated, last week, the shrewd appreciation expressed by the London *Standard* of the geographical situation of Canada, and of the prosperity thence arising. The full text of the article confirms the favourable view which we entertained, and the reader will doubtless be pleased to learn how sensible men regard our prospects and our standing. Canada is set down as at once the oldest and the youngest daughter of the Imperial House of which Great Britain is the head. Canada alone among the British colonies has a history of respectable antiquity. She alone has an European population which has been settled in the country so long that it may be considered native to the soil. And this is a point which some people in the Province of Quebec should remember when balancing the relative rights and merits of the different populations—that the people of Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Cape Breton, New Brunswick have race and territorial claims, dating back over a hundred years, and grounded on services to the State, both political and military. Ontario, which is comparatively the youngest of the old provinces, has also completed her century, and taken a lead which has made her the ruling spirit of the Dominion.

Pursuing its summary of events, the metropolitan journal next properly says that, while the Canada of the provinces is old, the Canada of the Dominion is young, having celebrated its majority only on the 1st of last July. In 1867 the provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and British Columbia were isolated governments, ruled by parish politics, and incapable of more than a narrow local expansion. Now these provinces have joined hands and grown into a nation, which, within the short space of one and twenty years, has taken its place among the peoples of the earth, and displayed possibilities of development that the most sanguine would not have dreamed of when the British North America Act was draughted. Then follows a glowing description of the resources of this new land; the progress of the elder provinces; the marvellous opening of Manitoba and the Northwest; the birth and spread of our industries and manufactures; the extent and usefulness of our great public works; the exploitation of our mines, forests and fisheries; the facilities of our ocean and inland navigation; the



carrying advantages of our railways and the vast improvement in our modes of agriculture. All this is told in language of genuine admiration, and the writer winds up with fitting words on our geographical position. "The Dominion sits astride the civilized world. Its territories lie on the track of one of the great lines of commerce of the future. On one side it commands the Pacific, on the other the Atlantic. It holds out one hand to the civilized East and the other to the swarming and now awakened West. The short way from China to Europe lies through Canadian territory, and, thanks to Canadian enterprise, it is now possible to travel from England to Australia without once leaving the shelter of the British flag."

### THE NATIONAL SPIRIT.

The Canadian colony in London were mindful of the twenty-first anniversary of the birthday of Confederation, and they gathered at a banquet, on the 12th of July, to celebrate the event. Leading Canadians, and Englishmen, having had dealings with Canada, were there, and some stirring speeches were made. While all the utterances were timely and thoroughly in situation, that of the Honourable Oliver Mowat, First Minister of Ontario, was pitched in so fitting a key, and attuned to such lofty sentiments, that it deserves more than a passing notice. After complimenting his friend, Sir Charles Tupper, on his patriotic allusions to his native land, he recalled the fact that he himself, with the Honourable the Agent-General, had attended the conference of 1864, and that they were, therefore, both among the Fathers of Confederation—a title to glory and remembrance quite enough for any man. Mr. Mowat declared that the British North America Act was as perfect as they could then make it, but that it still afforded room for improvement, and they were endeavouring to better it by infusing therein a larger portion of the spirit of the British constitution. This is simple, but very sound, doctrine, and the honourable Minister broadened it by the argument of contrast, saying that while our constitution was not without its weak points, which experience shows ought to be strengthened, still, in his judgment, it is far superior to the American constitution.

Animated by his surroundings and the inspiration of his subject, Mr. Mowat made one or two important statements which certain public speakers and writers will doubtless take a note of in future discussion. He said that while the flaws in our constitution are removable, it is well to remember that this instrument was of our own forming, and not imposed on us by the Imperial Government. Here is a very important statement made by one of the three chief leaders of the Liberal party, and one of the most successful public men in Canada, and it is in contrast to what we used to hear of Nova Scotia having been driven, and Quebec hoodwinked, into the Union.

Mr. Mowat then waxed eloquent in praise of the Mother Country, and of the relations which Canada has held, is holding and should hold with the birthplace and the home of so many Canadians. At the same time he could not say that these relations will be lasting or that they will remain unaltered. On this question of the future, the speaker was plain-spoken, reminding those "enthusiastic Canadians" who yearn for Independence that twenty-five years from now we might think of that change, but "we cannot think of it now." The dream of

Imperial Federation he passed over without argument, but on the scheme of Annexation he said he would have no discussion, as he thought there was no one present "who would look at the proposal that we should give away this great country, which has been entrusted to us, to another country altogether." This sentiment was received with cheers, that will find an echo on our side of the water, and Mr. Mowat closed the speech of a statesman and a patriot by saying that whatever may happen in our relations with the old land, "it will make our connection with the Mother Country indissoluble and perpetual."

### IS CANADIAN LIFE INTERESTING.

A few weeks before his death Matthew Arnold managed to offend the American people. He had looked at their life, that is, their manners, their morals, and he pronounced the whole uninteresting. It wanted beauty and distinction. A first reading of Matthew Arnold raises a suspicion of harshness, but a second or third reading invariably puts one in touch with his method, his secret, and enhances one's estimate of his wisdom and his justice. What he said about the American people in his article in the *Nineteenth Century* was not really harsh when considered as a whole, but he had taken the newspapers as an illustration of the want of beauty and distinction, and the newspapers took their revenge by publishing only his hardest-hitting sentences. The indignation of the people was great, but his death changed the course of the torrent, or stopped it, and they are now reading what he really said, and there are evidences in the reviews, and elsewhere, that some of his remarks are being thoughtfully considered and taken to heart.

Is Canadian life interesting? We propose to apply Mr. Arnold's definition of the word *interesting* to Canadian life. He chose the word from one of Carlyle's letters. One of Carlyle's younger brothers had talked of emigrating to America. Carlyle dissuades him.

"You shall never," he writes, "you shall never seriously meditate crossing the great Salt Pool to plant yourself in the Yankee land. That is a miserable fate for any one, at best; never dream of it. Could you banish yourself from all that is interesting to your mind, forget the history, the glorious institutions, the noble principles of old Scotland—that you might eat a better dinner, perhaps?"

Mr. Arnold went on to say:—

"There is one word launched—the word *interesting*. I am not saying that Carlyle's advice was good, or that young men should not emigrate. I do but take note, in the word *interesting*, of a requirement, a cry of aspiration, a cry not sounding in the imaginative Carlyle's own breast only, but sure of a response in his brother's breast also, and in human nature."

Perhaps a slight emphasis on one word in Carlyle's letter might weaken the force of the definition. "All that is interesting to *your* mind." It is just possible that an educated American may find something that is interesting to *his* mind in the history, the institutions and the principles of the United States! Mr. Arnold does not seem to deny this, but his contention appears to be that there is not a sufficient quantity of that which is interesting to give beauty and distinction to the national life. How is it with us in Canada? Is our history rich enough, are our institutions glorious enough, are our principles noble enough to impress our national life with beauty and distinction? The question is a vast one, but it must be briefly answered here.

And, first, we have a rich history. It has not, however, been well popularised to any extent. It has not yet been placed before the people in such a way that its lessons can affect or its fortunes attract the popular mind. The textbooks in the schools, in fact, are calculated to repel from the study. We have able students and

earnest engineers engaged in the subject, but we still want a popular history that will inform the national mind with beauty and distinction. Our institutions were almost peacefully made free, but they are none the less valuable on that account. They are valuable, but they are not valued as they might be. They are certainly not esteemed as glorious. Finally, our principles are not compact enough, nor definite enough, to inspire one with their nobility.

Canadian life is not, we believe, interesting in the Arnoldian sense. It might be made so, however, by the development of a stronger national spirit; and a stronger national spirit would be developed by a more profound, a more *interesting*, teaching of the course and the purpose of our history. Let us begin at the foundation by making the right book to put in our schools!

Richmond, P.Q.

J. C. S.

### LITERARY NOTES.

The new Duchess of Rutland is a frequent contributor to several English magazines.

More than one-half the scholarships given at Cornell this year were won by female students.

Benjamin Sulte has just published a history of the parish of St. Francois du Lac, in the Nicolet district.

The *Union Libérale*, of Quebec, will devote a weekly column to Canadian antiquities. The writer signs "Biblo."

The Duchess of Rutland, a writer on social topics for women, is coming to America to widen her sphere of observation.

The sister of Keats, the poet, is living in Madrid, Spain, and is in good health. She is employed in an attempt to obtain from the English Court of Chancery a fortune which belonged to her grandfather.

A portrait of Robert Burns was discovered not long ago in a junk shop, at Toronto, where it was purchased for a few dollars. The signature of the Scotch painter, Raeburn, was found on it, with the date 1787.

The publication of a paper has just been commenced at St. Paul, Minn., called the *Western Tree Planter*. The paper will advocate the planting of trees on the western prairies, and will give special directions as to tree planting.

M. O'Reilly, of Rouen, a Frenchman, of Irish descent, whose son studied in Montreal, two or three years ago, is about to publish a new History of Canada in French. In France his name is pronounced *Aurdie*, or, *Anglice*, *Oralee*.

Joaquin Miller is living the existence of a hermit in the mountains near Oakland, Cal. He is engaged upon a poem of some length, entitled "Legends of Christ," embodying quaint stories picked up by Miller when he lived in the Levant.

The *Canadian Gazette* learns that Mr. Henry F. Moore, the well-known editor of *Bell's Weekly Messenger* and the agricultural correspondent of the *Times*, will pay a visit to Canada this year for the purpose of reporting upon that country.

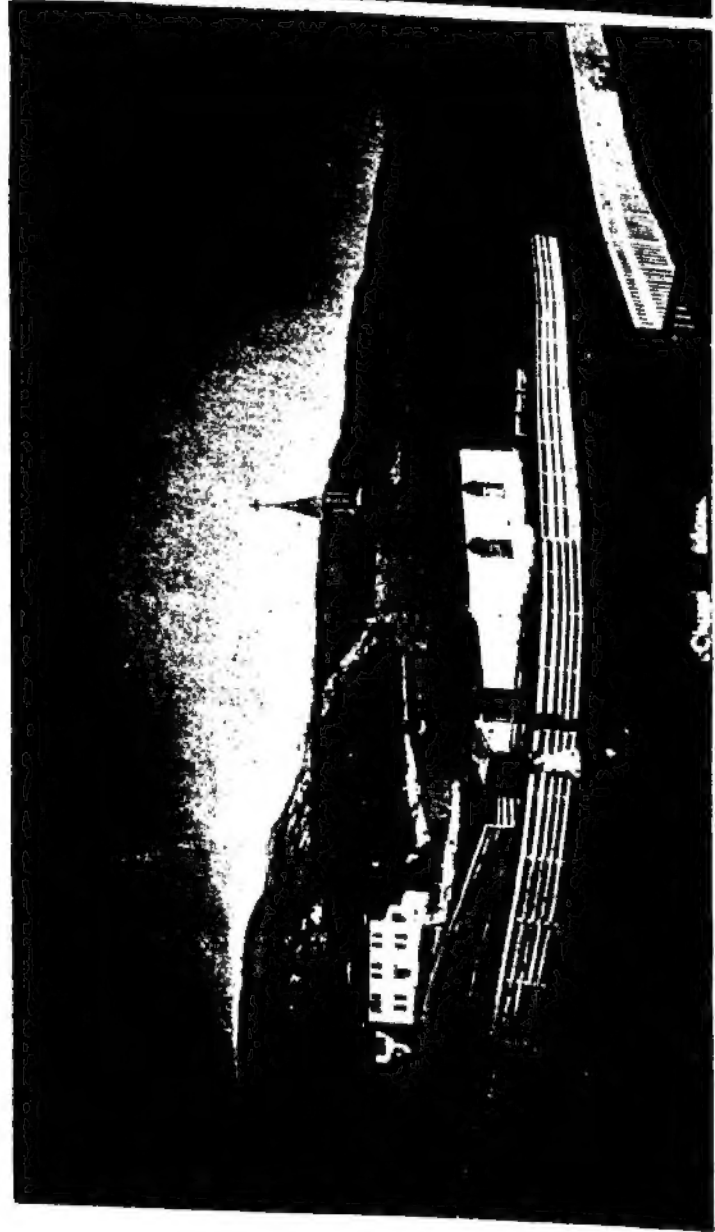
Mr. John Ropes, of Hartford, has been engaged for thirty-five years in making a collection of ancient newspapers. It embraces 51,000 copies of papers, in which are represented 8,000 different publications. The claim is made for the collection that it is unrivalled.

The most valuable manuscript in the United States, judging from the price paid, is in the possession of John Jacob Astor. It is the "Sforza Missal," for which \$15,200 were paid. It is dated in the fifteenth century, and comprises 484 pages of vellum bound in red morocco.

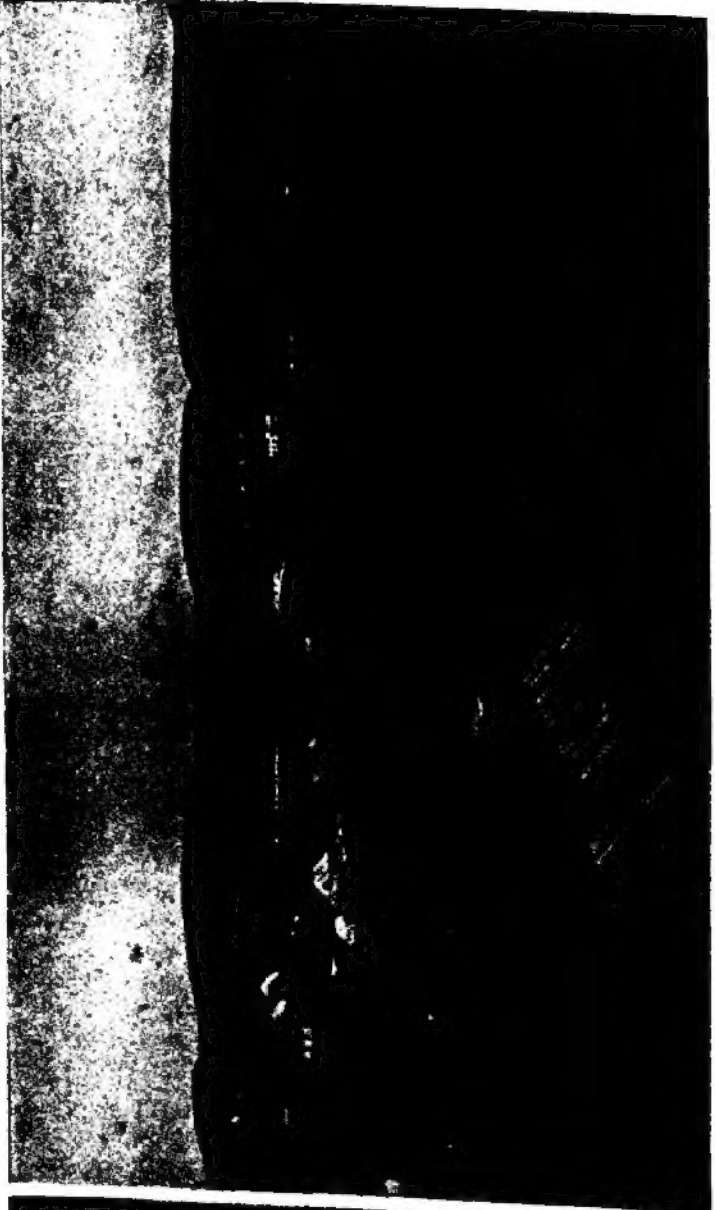
The story is told that a lady who had read Rider Haggard's "She," noticed two startling grammatical blunders, and wrote a few lines to the author, calling them to his attention. A few days later she received a letter of thanks from Mr. Rider Haggard, enclosing a cheque for a guinea, as a reward for her pains.

The largest sum ever known to have been paid for a single book was \$50,000, which the German Government gave for a vellum missal, originally presented to King Henry VIII. by Pope Leo X. Charles II. gave it to an ancestor of the Duke of Hamilton, and it became the property of the German Government at the sale of the Duke's library a few years ago.

The first volume of the new "Oxford Dictionary of the English Language" has just been completed, after thirty years' labour. Although foreign, obsolete and compound words have been eliminated, there still remain over 15,000 words, beginning with A to Z, which are current, though doubtless not in every day use. And yet Shakespeare and the Bible were written with a vocabulary of only 7,000.



THE OLD CHURCH, TADOUSAC.  
HA-HA BAY.



VIEWS ON THE SAGUENAY.  
From photographs by Parks.



TADOUSAC BAY.  
CHICOUTIMI.



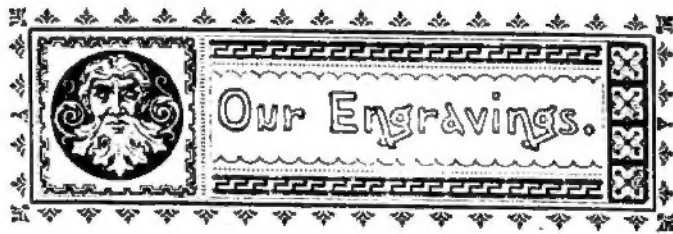




### GREEDY CALVES.

From the painting by Otto Weber.

Photograph supplied by Alex. S. Macrae & Son, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.



**OUR CARTOON.**—When Ayesha, in Rider Haggard's "She" passes through the column of life-giving fire, to renew her youth and immortality, the mysterious fluid has the precisely contrary effect, and the reader is wofully disappointed when he sees the glorious and beautiful Ayesha shrivel up, fall to the ground, a hideous old hag, and die. Not so in our cartoon. We represent "Policy," a beautiful, pure, refined and radiant creature, with lovely promises inscribed on her banner, about to enter the fire column of "Power." But on the hither side, ye gods! how does she emerge! Shrivelled and shrunken up? Oh, no! Still more beautiful and perennial? Neither. But bloated, gorged and bedizened—a veritable parvenue—and of her mottoes of fair promise nothing left; instead, a sickening array of corrupted and corrupting ways and means. Such, alas! is too often the effect of the trying ordeal of "Power" on the "Policy" proclaimed by parties when in the cool shades of Opposition.

**VIEWS ON THE SAGUENAY RIVER.**—This group is representative of a very old and very interesting region of the country. The church at Tadousac, although more than modest in all its appointments, has the prestige of being the oldest in Canada, and, for over two centuries, it has quietly looked down into the broad waters of Tadousac Bay, perhaps the finest beach on the lower St. Lawrence, a sketch of which is here given. The glories and wonders of Ha! Ha! Bay and the beauty of Chicoutimi are also set forth in the present number. From Tadousac, with its famous trout fishing, boating and yachting, the voyage lies to Chicoutimi, about 100 miles, on the Saguenay, the largest tributary of the St. Lawrence, and one of the most remarkable rivers of the continent. It is 141 miles down the St. Lawrence from Quebec and the chief outlet of Lake St. John, which is its headwater.

**GREEDY CALVES** is from a painting by Weber. Which of us, one time or other, does not remember a similar greeting from the hungry denizens of the barnyard, so cleverly depicted in this admirable picture? It mattered not how wild each of them might be for the expected feed; calves, turkeys, geese, hens, ducks, screaming and crowding, all "eager for the fray;" it was only the calves that came rubbing about you, licking your hands, as if in seeming right to a more immediate sustenance than them all, including even the donkey over the fence, for instance, which, pricking his ears, wonders, no doubt, what in the world it's all about. Otto Weber was born at Berlin. The highest critics admit that he was fully the equal of Landseer, Bonheur and Troyon in animal painting, but their superior in landscape. His brilliant career, which seemed likely to surpass all others, was suddenly cut off during the Franco-German war. He was killed fighting for his country in 1870, and, strange as it may seem, some of his paintings, including, we believe, *Greedy Calves*, took prizes in the Paris Salon the same year.

**HON. JOHN CHRISTIAN SCHULTZ.**—This remarkable man is of Danish blood and born at Amherstburg, Ont., on the 1st January, 1840. He was educated at Oberlin, Ohio, and graduated in medicine, after studying at Kingston and Cobourg, in 1860. That year he went to the Northwest, where he at once identified himself with the country. He practised his profession at Fort Garry and embarked in the fur trade. At the rebellion of 1870 he was leader of the Canadian party and came near losing his life. He was first returned to Parliament for Lisgar in 1872, and sat till 1882, when he was defeated. Then he was appointed to the Senate. His nomination to the Lieutenant-Governorship of Manitoba is a reward for long and important services.

**HON. JOSEPH ROYAL.**—The new Lieutenant-Governor of the Northwest Territories is another representative man. He was born at Repentigny, P.Q., in 1837, and educated for the bar, at which he at once won a front rank. After practising his profession, and engaging, for several years, in journalism, he went to Manitoba to settle in 1871, where he became the natural leader of the French-speaking population. The number of appointments filled by Mr. Royal, throughout his long career, in Lower Canada and the Northwest, would almost fill a column, and, in all these, he acquitted himself to the public satisfaction. He served under several provincial governments of Manitoba, as Minister of the Crown, attaching his name to many important provincial laws and legislative measures. He was elected to the Commons for Provencher, in 1879, and re-elected in 1882 and 1887. To his administration of the Northwest Territories he will bring full experience and unimpaired energy.

**THE HON. ARCHIBALD WOODBURY McLELAN** was born at Londonderry, N.S., on Christmas Eve, in 1824. He began life by engaging in business, particularly ship building and ship owning. His public life dates back to 1858, being returned to the Legislature for Colchester, and then represented that county in the Commons from 1867 to 1869, when he was called to the Senate. After filling important offices in the interval, he was sworn into the Cabinet, in 1881, and successfully held the portfolios of President of the Council, Minister of Marine and Fisheries,

Minister of Finance and Postmaster-General. His appointment to the Lieutenant-Governorship of his native province is a crowning honour.

**WILLIAM H. HOWLAND.**—Mr. Howland has filled the public eye for many years, but, strange to say, never entered the Legislature or Parliament. The bent of his mind and of his great energy is toward social reform. He made a name for himself as Mayor of Toronto, having won that chief magistracy, after a hard contest, and then discharged its duties with distinguishing ability. He is now promoted to a responsible position in the National Prohibition movement, having presided at the last convention, and there all his rare gifts of character and administration will be brought into play. Mr. Howland is still in the prime of life, a fine specimen of intelligent and handsome manhood. He is a son of Sir William Howland, one of the leaders of the Liberal party of Canada, a Father of Confederation, Senator of the Dominion and Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. Mr. Howland is a brother-in-law of Sir Leonard Tilley, having married a sister of Lady Tilley.

**BASS FISHING ON THE CHATEAUGUAY.**—We have pleasure in laying before our readers two sketches, by a Canadian artist, Mr. R. Harris, thus carrying out one of the missions of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, the production of native subjects by native pencils and brushes. Mr. Harris is well known throughout the country as a distinguished member of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts. The first sketch is of our own neighbourhood, in the beautiful valley of the Chateauguay, and near the ancient village of St. Joachim. The river, at that point, teems with bass, and lovers of the sport hie thither in vast numbers during the season.

The other sketch is of real life in Toronto streets, representing a march-out of the Salvation Army, where the attitude of the leader and the grouping of the chief members form an attractive and amusing picture. It is drawn from life.

**UNIVERSITY OF TRINITY COLLEGE.**—Eastward along Queen street, the visitor arrives at University of Trinity College, Toronto, standing back some distance. It is a very handsome building, in spacious grounds, facing the entrance to the bay. The college was erected in 1831, at a cost of \$40,000, after plans prepared by Mr. Kivas Tully. The building is of white brick, with stone dressings, and is designed in the third period of pointed English architecture. It has a frontage of 550 feet, facing south, with wings projecting east and west, 53 feet each. It is designed to accommodate eighty students, with class-rooms, chapel, library and museum; also private residences for the provost and two senior professors. It is a great ornament to the unwearied zeal of the Right Rev. Dr. Strachan, Lord Bishop of Toronto. The college is the training school of the clergy of the diocese, and has a high reputation.

**VIEW FROM THE BOW PASS.**—The Bow River has occupied much of the attention of the Geological Survey, in their explorations of the Rocky Mountains, and our sketch represents one of the prettiest of these views. The description of this country and valley occupies several pages in the report, details being given of Bow River and lakes, the Fairholme and Palliser Mountains, the Cascade Trough, the Castle Mountain Range and the Wapta (Kicking Horse) River.

**SEASIDE COSTUMES.**—Although the summer, so far, has been unusually cool and pleasant, and, at the seaside and other summer resorts, rather chilly in the evenings than otherwise, the ladies will be pleased with the light and airy dresses, and other articles of raiment, just received from Europe, which we set forth in to-day's issue.

**INDIANS FISHING.**—The scene of this sketch from nature is interesting as showing the modes of fishing practised by Indian tribes comparatively little known in this part of the country. Portions of British Columbia, including the valley of the Skeena River, about which so much has been lately said, are still unexplored, and, but for the Geological Survey of Canada, we should have learned little about them beyond their names.

## HEAVEN AND EARTH.

There are no Shadows where there is no Sun;  
There is no beauty where there is no shade;  
And all things in two lines of glory run,  
Darkness and light, ebon and gold inlaid.  
God comes among us through the shrouds of air;  
And His dim track is like the silvery wake  
Left by yon pinnacle on the mountain lake,  
Fading and reappearing here and there.

The lamps and veils through heav'n and earth that move,  
Go in and out, as jealous of their light,  
Like sailing stars upon a misty night.  
Death is the shade of coming life; and Love  
Years for her dear ones in the holy tomb,  
Because bright things are better seen in gloom!

F. W. FABER.

[One of our papers has blundered amusingly in ascribing this beautiful poem to F. W. Faber, in the *New York Tribune*, as if the writer had written it for that journal. The Reverend Frederick William Faber was one of the chief Oxford men who followed John Henry Newman Romeward, some two scores of years ago, and, who distinguished himself by a number of brilliant works, in his new career. He left a volume of poems, which places him in the front rank of our modern poets, of the Wordsworth school.—Editor DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.]

## VANCOUVER. B. C.

In July, 1886, the city had a population of about 1,200.

In July, 1887, the population was 3,000.

In July, 1888, a careful calculation shows that the city has some 8,500 people within its limits.

And it is estimated that by July, 1889, the population of Vancouver will be at least 20,000.

The western terminus of the Canadian Pacific railway, the only railway line on the American continent that reaches from the Atlantic to the Pacific which is controlled by one company. Vancouver has, from this circumstance alone, the certainty of becoming a place of great importance. In addition to this, however, she is the only seaport on the Pacific coast of the Dominion that has a harbour capable of being entered at all states of the tide and at every season of the year by the largest ocean-going vessels. This has consequently led, in connection with her being the railway terminus, to Vancouver's being selected as the home port of the lines of mail steamers to Japan and China, New Zealand and Australia. The former service has already been commenced, and it is anticipated that within a few months the Australasian service will also be inaugurated.

In 1886 Vancouver had no communication by railway with the rest of the world, and the only way by which passengers or mails arrived was by a steamer calling on its way from Victoria to Port Moody. Now Vancouver has a daily steamer from here to Victoria; a steamer twice a week (shortly to be made three times weekly) from Port Townsend, Seattle and Tacoma; a steamer every three weeks to Japan and China, besides extra boats on frequent occasions, and numerous steamers from the various provincial ports. Vancouver has a daily mail service over the C. P. R. with the East, and three trains a day between this city and Westminster. Letters have arrived here in twelve days from England, and with faster steamers on the Atlantic it is contemplated that, within a few months, Vancouver will be within eight or nine days of England.

The industries and resources of Vancouver are many in number and diverse in their character. The production of lumber on Burrard Inlet is the largest on the British Pacific coast. Great as it is a considerable addition is expected to be made to its amount in a short time by the erection of one or more large mills. Within the past year sash and door and furniture factories have been started, and already their productions are being shipped to the far east, both to the Dominion and to the United States. Several other wood-working industries are expected to be commenced shortly.

Vancouver's future as the centre of one of the most important industries—that of smelting gold and silver ores—is assured. Ground has been purchased within the city limits for the erection of large smelting works, and before the close of the year they will be in full operation. The history of Omaha, Denver, Butte City and Salt Lake will be repeated at Vancouver, and around the smelting works will spring up a large population, and the city will be the location of numerous subsidiary industries. Already there are in operation iron works and foundries, boiler works, shipyards and boat building establishments, and many smaller factories and works of other descriptions.

The location of Vancouver is probably the finest of any city on the coast. Situated on Burrard Inlet, which is a natural harbour, 11 miles long by 2½ to 3 miles wide, completely landlocked, it is impossible to conceive a more favourable position for a large naval and mercantile port. What San Francisco is on the Pacific and New York on the Atlantic to the United States, or Liverpool to Great Britain, Vancouver will become to the Dominion, while as the half way house on the peculiarly British route between Great Britain and her Indian and Australian dependencies, she will be always a city of great importance in the views of the Imperial Government. For beautiful situation, for the building of a great city with excellent drainage and everything which tends to attract population, the location of Vancouver leaves nothing to be desired. With the Inlet on the north



and False Creek on the south, the city is easily accessible by water, thus affording excellent opportunities for bringing in cheaply all kinds of supplies.

With her streets all planked or gravelled, with good sidewalks, locomotion around the city is both easy and agreeable at all times, while the streets and buildings are lighted with both gas and electricity. The Canadian Pacific railway has recently completed and opened one of the finest hotels on the continent, while there are numerous other hotels and boarding houses in the city, affording accommodation at prices to suit the means or tastes of every visitor. In the western portion of the city there is a public park of 1,000 acres in extent, on which the city has expended \$30,000 in making rides and drives. From various points on these roads can be obtained some of the finest views of the Inlet, of English Bay, and of the mountains on every side.

A road is now in course of construction connecting Vancouver with one of the richest agricultural districts in the province, situated within a few miles of the city, at the mouth of the Fraser river. The farmers from there will, on the completion of this road, be able to reach, with ease, one of the best markets on the coast for their produce, while the trade will add considerably to the volume of the business of Vancouver.

Ample educational facilities are afforded by three public schools, located in the eastern, western and southern portions of the city respectively. Besides these there are several private schools. The Episcopalians, Roman Catholics, Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists and Congregationalists, all have places of worship, and some of these denominations are about erecting additional churches in other parts of the city.

## THE DEMOCRATIC WAGGON.

Composed for the DeSoto Democratic Club by  
J. H. WAGGENER.

*Al:* "WAIT FOR THE WAGGON."

Come, all ye sons of freedom,  
And help to swell the throng,  
We're going to the White House—  
So come and go along;  
Cleveland is the driver,  
With Thurman by his side,  
So jump into the waggon, boys,  
And all take a ride.

*Chorus:*—Jump into the waggon—  
The Democratic waggon—  
Jump into the waggon,  
And all take a ride.

Our waggon is a good one,  
It's large and safe and sound—  
The best in all the country  
That ever has been found;  
The seats are made of Hick'ry wood—  
They're easy, long and wide.  
And lined with Jackson's overcoat,  
So come and take a ride.

*Chorus.*

We want a crowd of jolly boys  
To help us win the fight  
Against Protection's Robber Kings  
That rule us with their might;  
We're armed with Truth and Justice, too—  
We ask naught else beside,  
So jump into our waggon, boys,  
And all take a ride.

*Chorus.*

We're going to down the Rads again,  
Hoosier Ben and all;  
Levi Morton's lengthy purse  
Can't save them from the fall;  
So if you'd like to have some fun  
And see 'em run and hide,  
Just jump into our waggon, boys,  
And all take a ride.

*Chorus.*

[The Americans have always been famous for their campaign songs, a feature in which they, singularly enough, follow the French. These songs are generally good-natured—in striking contrast with their newspaper paragraphs—and clever. The example given above will afford the reader a smack of that kind of literature. The two first stanzas are not at all bad.—Editor DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.]



Sir Donald Smith is out of danger, but his convalescence will be slow.

Mr. George M. Pullman is building himself a winter palace at the Thousand Isles.

Hon. Mr. Chauveau has returned to the city after a three days' visit to the Baie des Chaleurs.

Gen. Lennox, of England, arrived in town on Saturday night, and is staying at the Windsor.

The Governor-General has consented to become a patron of the Dominion Artillery Association.

Sir George and Lady Stephen leave for Europe on August 18, where they intend passing the winter.

Prof. Goldwin Smith has left Toronto for a month's visit to Manitoba, the Northwest and British Columbia.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh J. Macdonald will spend their summer with Sir John Macdonald at Rivière du Loup.

Miss Mary Tillinghast is one of the most successful among the women who have made a business of decorative art.

From the gifts received at his jubilee, the Pope is going to send a present to every cathedral church in the world.

Hon. Cecil Parker, nephew of the Duke of Westminster, has arrived in Canada and will go west over the C. P. R.

The leading woman physician of England, Mrs. Garrett Anderson, is said to have an income of \$50,000 a year from her practice.

The Empress of Austria never goes anywhere without a fine picture of St. Elizabeth, which she always hangs up in her bedroom.

Mr. Sanford Fleming has gone to Winnipeg to confer with Mr. Owen Jones, of New Zealand, regarding the proposed cable to Australia.

Mme. Meissonier, wife of the celebrated painter, is dead after a brief illness. She was the sister of Steinheil, a painter of religious subjects.

His Honour Lieutenant-Governor Royal arrived in Montreal from Regina, N. W. T., and proceeded to Vaudreuil, where he intends spending a few days with his family.

Lord Randolph Churchill is a descendant of Wanchil de Leon, who came over with the Conqueror. He was Lord of Council, in Normandy; whence the name of Churchill.

Lady Carligan, widow of the English earl who led the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, is threatened with imprisonment for debt. She has large estates, but dislikes parting with ready money.

There has arrived in Winnipeg a very interesting personage, Rev. John Sinclair, a full-blooded Cree Indian, who is stationed as missionary on English river, east of the Hudson Bay post at Isle à la Crosse.

Hon. J. R. Thibaudeau has sold his residence, Mille Fleurs, near Montreal, for \$12,000, to Mr. Daunay, a French-Canadian millionaire, who has resided in the United States for a number of years.

Col. Otter, of Toronto, has forwarded his report on the subject of the Lundy's Lane memorial. It is understood that he recommends the erection of a monument or obelisk on which should be inscribed particulars of the engagement.

Professor Frewan, professor of natural history in the College of Agriculture, Salisbury, and consulting botanist to the British Dairy Farmers' Association, will leave England by the next steamer for the purpose of making a study of the agricultural resources of Canada.

Her Majesty is just now deeply interested in a group painting of herself and family, the work of several artists. This picture will be placed in Windsor Castle among Her Majesty's collection of paintings representing various events of interest which have occurred in her family since her accession to the English throne.

Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone celebrated their golden wedding on the 25th of July. Testimonials in the shape of letters, telegrams and presents poured in upon them in hundreds. The couple were given a reception at the residence of Earl Spencer and presented with portraits of themselves painted by Frank Hall and Hubert Herkomer.

Lord Albemarle, the Waterloo veteran, is a small, spare man, with bright eyes. He wears a black velvet skull cap. He is now 89 years old and is the sole survivor of the eighty-four officers who sat down to the Duke of Wellington's last Waterloo dinner. He is given a reception every year on the anniversary of that "world's earthquake."

## TOM MOORE'S GRAVE.

Michael MacDonagh, in his pilgrimage, thus writes: I reached Bromham Church, in the county of Wilts—the spire of which I had seen a mile off—with a mind at peace with everybody, and tinged with a melancholy appropriate to the object of my visit. I walked through the little village of Bromham without meeting any of the inhabitants, and, ascending a few steps, passed through a wooden wicket into the little graveyard which surrounds the church. With quick steps and eager eyes I went among the tombs to the left of the church as I entered, passed around to the rear, and there in a few seconds my eye caught the name "Moore" on the slab that marks the grave of the poet. The grave lies about three feet from the gable of the church, and is of a very simple and unpretentious character. It is marked by a long, narrow stone slab, lying flat, about two inches above the ground, surrounded by a strong and high iron railing. The inscription is as follows:

ANASTASIA MARY MOORE,  
Born March 16th, 1813,  
Died March 8th, 1829,  
Also,  
Her Brother,  
JOHN RUSSELL MOORE,  
Who died November 23rd, 1842,  
Aged 19 years;  
And their father,  
THOMAS MOORE,  
Tenderly beloved by all who knew  
The goodness of his heart.  
The Poet and Patriot of his country,  
Ireland.  
Born May 28th, 1779.  
Sank to rest, February 25th, 1852.  
Aged 72.  
God is love.  
Also his wife,  
BESSY MOORE,  
Who died 4th September, 1865.  
And to the memory of their son,  
THOMAS LANSLOWNE PARR MOORE,  
Born 24th October, 1818,  
Died in Africa, January, 1846.

Moore had five children, three daughters and two sons, all of whom died before him. Two are sleeping with him and his wife in this grave. John Russell, one of the sons who is buried here, was a lieutenant in the 25th Regiment; and the other son, Thomas Lansdowne Parr, was an officer in the French service, and was interred in Africa, where he died.

The grave looks as if it were being carefully attended to, the stone evidently being periodically cleaned, and the lettering of the inscription kept clear and distinct. Plucking a few ivy leaves from the gable of the church which overshadows the grave, I passed around to the door of the sacred edifice. On entering I found myself at the end of the church near the portion evidently set apart for the choir, for there was music scattered about on the seats fronting a small organ which stood between two large windows. One of the windows is of stained glass, representing the Day of Judgment. Christ, attended by two angels blowing trumpets, is the central figure. Seated below the Redeemer is Justice, with sword and scales in her hands. To the right is an angel bearing an olive branch and welcoming the just, while to the left another angel with a flaming sword is banishing the unjust to the fires of hell. Above over all are twelve angelic figures carrying shields, on which are inscribed the words of Moore's sacred song, "Sound the Loud Timbrel o'er Egypt's Dark Sea," and below is the inscription—"This window is placed in the church by the combined subscriptions of two hundred persons who honour the poet of all circles and the idol of his own—Thomas Moore." There is another stained glass window, representing the Crucifixion, erected in 1866, "in honour of God and in memory of the widow of Thomas Moore, of Sloperton Cottage."





HON. JOHN SCHULTZ,  
LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF MANITOBA.



HON. JOSEPH ROYAL,  
LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF THE NORTH WEST TERRITORIES



BASS FISHING ON THE CHATEAUGUAY, OFF THE CHURCH OF ST. JOACHIM.  
From a sketch by R. Harris, R. C. A.



HON. W. McLENNAN,  
LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR OF NOVA SCOTIA.  
From a photograph by Topley.



W. H. HOWLAND, ESQ.,  
PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL PROHIBITION CONVENTION.  
From a photograph by Bruce.



MARCH OUT OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN TORONTO.  
From a sketch by R. Harris, R.C.A.



## ACADIA.

THE CLASSIC LAND AS VIEWED BY A MODERN WRITER.

Longfellow never saw the Acadia of which he wrote. There is a letter in existence penned by the poet in which he declines visiting the romantic region of Grand Pré because he feared that by setting eyes on the locality the environs would dispel from his mind the tender limnings his glowing fancy had created. In this letter admission is also made that the material for the pathetic romance of "Evangeline," and the tragedy of Acadia around which it is woven, was chiefly furnished the Cambridge bard by Hawthorne. There are other facts not related in the books, proving that the author of the "Scarlet Letter" contemplated a prose romance upon the subject-matter of Longfellow's mellifluous measure, but that the very dolour of it all so depressed and disheartened him that the project was abandoned. As splendid a creation as was Longfellow's, it is deplorable that the wizard pen of Hawthorne was turned from this task. The poet directs the eye and heart to but one spot, incident and time. The surpassing poetical recital confines historic and literary interest too closely. Had the tragic tale been alone told, or also told in Hawthorne's magic prose, how clear and bold all these noble mountains, vales, streams, and shores, and these wraithful presences of Indian, Englishman, Frenchman, Puritan, actors in countless peaceful and bloody prologues to American independence and civilization, would have been graven upon the tablets of history and the minds of men. For the real Acadia that was, and for more than 150 years before Liberty bell pealed at Philadelphia, it was the vast and endless battle-ground where the mightiest of European powers struggled for mastery over a new world.

### I.

There are no histories in which can be chronologically followed the discovery of, and the struggles and changes within, the marvellously interesting region of old Acadia. This little section, that single state, another secluded province, this sea-beaten isle, that New England borough, all have their "histories." Brilliant adherents of the greatest two religious sects of Christendom have fought the battles anew, in type, with more than mortal rancour. Historical societies have interchanged dreams of dreamers and sketched and plodded in sumptuous persiflage. But this whole northeast coast which, from Portland, where Longfellow first drew breath and earliest sang, to Cape Breton island's Louisburg, where once, under the lilies of France, glowered the walls of the most massive fortress ever built on American soil, was for 200 years the battle-ground of two empires and the real birthplace of America's to-day, is historically all but lost in the somnolence of tradition. Every river flowing to the sea, every cove sheltered by headland and embowered in plenty, every sunny isle of the coastwise thousands, is a mute, unheeded shrine to that daring and sacrifice which make history and have made freemen. In these summer days these summer shores are gay with half a continent's pleasure troopers, who, for the dearth of history, are mindless of the myriad wraiths of fallen, and listless of the hoarse voices of the sea, in every sound of which are the ghostly tones of legions calling in vain to be heard. No so superlatively romantic and stirring a field awaits the great historian. No so barren a one confronts the writer of an hour. One must needs burrow long and deep in the olden manuscripts, the records of parliament and cabinets, and the scattered chronicles of adventurers and commanders, to reach the mere entrance of these splendid domains of historic quest. But when even that little is done, journeyings in and reveries on old Acadia are seasons of winsomeness and delight.

Old Acadia was variously called "L'Acadia," "Iacadia," "Acadie," "Accadia," "Acady" and Acadia. Its confines were expressly named by Henry IV. of France in his letters patent of No-

vember 3, 1603, to Sieur De Monts, whom he constituted lieutenant-general over the "country, territory, coasts and confines of Acadia, from the 40th to the 46th degree." Thus the original Acadia comprised the North American coast and "circumjacent territory and islands," to the mouth of the then unknown Hudson River to the eastern extremity of Cape Breton Island, just northeast of the peninsula of Nova Scotia. De Monts and Poutrincourt arrived at Le Have cape and bay May 6, 1604. Sailing around the western end of Nova Scotia, Port Royal (now Annapolis) was selected for the future residence of Poutrincourt, under grant from De Monts. The latter explored the Bay of Fundy, Passamaquoddy Bay and the River St. Croix, building cabins and fortifications on its islands, where he passed the winter of 1604-5. During the next spring and summer he explored the Penobscot, the Kennebec, Casco (Portland) Bay, Saco River, and the coasts of what is now Massachusetts to the shores of Cape Cod. Returning, he removed his stores from the St. Croix to Port Royal, where he made a settlement and constructed a fort, and in the autumn of 1605 he set sail for France with Poutrincourt to lay his discoveries before King Henry, leaving at Port Royal, Dupont, the intrepid Champlain, whose name is preserved by the lake of that name, and Chauvin, to further explore the country and perfect the settlement.

The voyages, discoveries and settlements by De Monts and the earlier discovery and possession of Canada by Cartier were the first under seal of European power on these shores, between Newfoundland and the Chesapeake; and from these came whatever rights France subsequently sought to maintain in America.

True, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who had obtained in 1578 a grant from Elizabeth, and who was driven to England by the violence of the sea in 1579, had finally reached Newfoundland in 1583, only to lose his ships and his own life off Sable Island on the return voyage; and under other patents from Elizabeth to the brave, brilliant and unfortunate Raleigh, half brother to Sir Humphrey Gilbert, there had been the exploration of Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds in 1584, the second exploration to Roanoke, in 1585, the third, of two parties, in 1586, and the fourth in 1587; but not until May 13, 1607, under patents from James I. to the London Company, was there made (at Jamestown, Va.) the first English settlement in America. Sir Humphrey Gilbert's death in 1583 had voided the patents of 1578. The debasement, conviction and attainder of Raleigh had annulled the Elizabethan grants of 1584. In strict truth, France, by formal entry and actual settlement, had acquired undoubted right of possession, and in 1604 owned, under her lieutenant-governor, De Monts, all of his discovered North America north of what had been already claimed by the more enterprising adventurers of the then prosperous and mighty Spain.

### II.

Behind this dim time these splendid shores possessed romantic history. There seems to be growing conviction in the minds of those who delve among such fascinating lore that the ancient Norsemen were frequent visitors to these regions, and indeed to lands much further to the south. Discoveries at different points in Maine show that habitations of stone and brick were erected half a thousand years before the settlement by De Monts; and credible Scandinavian writers assert that the old stone mill now standing at Newport must have been built by Norsemen that long before English settlements of America. Undoubtedly, Biarne and his followers knew the coast of Maine well in the tenth century. There can hardly be question that the three adventurous sons of Eric explored it in the eleventh century. Gudrida, the fair bride of Thorfin, certainly followed her own glowing dreams, and accompanied her bold lord to the enchanting countless islands, coves and inlets of our northeast coast. Then there was the voyage of John and Sebastian Cabot, in 1497, in which many of the islands about Newfoundland were visited, and the entire American

coast, from Labrador to Florida, closely cruised and scanned. Jacques Cartier, the French navigator, under orders of Charles V. of France, sailed from St. Malo in the spring of 1534, touched Newfoundland, penetrated the St. Lawrence, discovered Canada, and took possession of the country in his king's name. Gosnold, an English navigator, visited Maine in 1602, and the next year Martin Pring, of Bristol, England, explored the Penobscot and other rivers and bays to the southwest, bringing (to England) "the most exact account of the coast that had ever come to hand." So, too, there is every reason to believe that fishermen of different European nations had, during the entire fifteenth century and for a long period earlier, cast their nets and lines from Cape Cod to Cape Bauld, precisely as they do to-day. Scaualet, an old French mariner and fisherman, had made more than forty voyages to the Bay of Canseau, which lies between Nova Scotia and Cape Breton Island; and it is well established that the French Baron de Levy undertook to form a settlement on the shores of this bay in 1518. France, under the Marquis de la Roche, made Sable Island a penal colony in 1598; and there was record in 1578 that 100 Spanish, 50 or 60 Portuguese, 30 to 50 English, and fully 150 French sailors then annually came to our American and Canadian fishing-grounds of to-day to take cod and whale.

From the time of De Monts' discoveries and settlements in 1604, and the adventures of Weymouth along the Maine shores in 1605, the activity of the English and French for precedence and supremacy, not only in the territory and along the coasts of old Acadia, but along the entire American coast and the shores of the St. Lawrence, was continually increased. Grants, patents and privileges were continually issuing. The Virginia magistrates authorized Capt. Argal to expel the Acadian French at Port Royal. This was done in 1613. Possession of the whole New England coast-line, as well as of Canada, was wrenched back and forth by contending colonists until the treaty of St. Germain, in 1632, which again gave Acadia to the French, and reduced its confines to those of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and that part of Maine east of the Kennebec; though claim to the latter was always vigorously disputed with force of arms by its English colonists. Then came a quarter century of struggles between the Government of Massachusetts and the Maine colonies for absorption by the former and defence by the latter, interspersed by Indian wars, in which contending colonists made common cause. Protector Cromwell ordered the reduction of Acadia, under cover of an expedition against the Dutch in Manhadoes, and entirely subjugated it in 1654. Then the English held Acadia thirteen years, when it was resurrendered to the French under the treaty of Breda in 1667, without any specification as to boundaries. Its first active French governor was M. de Bourg, who was followed by Mons. Denys. Under the latter's administration the French built forts throughout Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and as far west as the Penobscot, and held possession until that brilliant buccancer and wrecker, under James II., Sir William Phips, recaptured it in 1690, on his way to his memorable defeat by the French at Quebec, whose consequent embarrassments to the New England colonies led to the first issuance of paper money in America in the form of "bills of credit" for £40,000, put in circulation the same year by the General Court of Massachusetts. At the treaty of Ryswick, in 1697, Acadia was again resigned to France, and the western boundary stoutly claimed as far as the Kennebec.

But in 1709-10 its final conquest occurred in the capture of Port Royal (now Annapolis), by the expedition from Boston, under General Nicholson, of Virginia, and his adjutant-general, Samuel Vetch, a noted figure in provincial trade and politics, who was appointed English governor of Nova Scotia, which now became the final Acadia of provincial and poetic history. From that day to this, it has remained a British possession.

But from the first—down through discovery, buccaneering, reprisal, wars of European nations here immeasurably intensified, worse wars of religious zealots, and the awful Indian wars without number, through the epoch when French and English adventurous noblemen built and defended here and there mimic principalities and sustained tawdry courts; through the desperate rivalries of La Tour and D'Aulnay, the less courtly but more blunt and vigorous diplomacies, governings, up-buildings and spoliations of Vetch and Phips and Gorges; the idyllic romances of the Castines; the bigoted potherings of the Puritans; past valour of pioneers and heroism of the revolution—to the calm and peaceful scenes of these summer shores of to-day; there has been within every square mile of what was once old Acadia such luminous limning by the hand of change, such marvellous store of that which should glow in history's page; that, with the faintest outlines of those who came and went, and the tremendous reach of illimitable tragedies in human activities before one's vision, every object upon which the eye may rest from Cape Elizabeth to gruesome Cape Bauld, from which can be faintly traced the silent heights of Labrador, possesses a hidden life and interest, an eloquent silence into which there are winsome communions, and a companionship in which there are limitless sunny wanderings and zest.

Old Portland town, just within the threshold of this rare region, fairly glows with a welcome for him who will contemplate her charms in this loving, appreciative mood. Poets came from out her warm mother-heart, and many well remembered writers have known her stores of inspiration. But the historian or the master of fiction must yet come here. Only one whom the world remembers ever caught even a tittle of the noble uplifting to enduring fiction which centres here from a myriad of mountains, streams and vales, and glints and glimmers from countless islands and heroic suggestions of the great sea beyond. Hawthorne drew much of his inspiration from this immediate region. But one longs that some new Hawthorne—as spiritual, fine, true and tender, but made and moulded with the strength, vigour and cheeriness of our later and brighter time—could come here to revive and preserve the fair and sweet, unctuous and sturdy, brave and noble pictures which life, death and change have here left upon the face of time. I do not recall a spot in any clime where land and sea, history and romance, age and newness, so blend in all the requisites for exalted work. Even Longfellow in his poems, nearly all made after he left the locality, but with its strong influence ever upon him, barely hinted of what lay untouched. This whole coast line should grow with romance and echo with song; while the American artist who lives in a Dutch garret to mimic a Rembrandt, or who becomes a Thames water-rat to bedaub a canvas with the fog-mulls of a Turner, deserts skies that rival Italy's stretches of shore that are nobler than, and as historic as, England's, islands more picturesque than the Azores, vales sweeter and greener than lie between the Alps, streams more beautiful and winsome than Great Britain's bards have sung, atmospheres as weird and dreamful as veil Venice, and snow-capped mountains that blend with the very heaven.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

## MUSIC AND THE STAGE.

Annie Pixley will pass the summer at her Canadian home. "The Red Bandanna" has already been chosen as the title of a play.

Mme. Christine Nilsson says that nothing will induce her to return to the stage.

Mrs. Hopkins-Searle, at Barrington, Mass., owns the largest organ in America.

Billy Emerson is said to be the highest salaried performer and the most popular song and dance artist in the minstrel business.

It seems to be definitely settled that Major Anderson, of the Forty-third, will succeed Lieut.-Col. White, senior Major Walsh being obliged to decline promotion on account of press of business.

## QUAINT FANCIES AND RHYMES.

BY A COLLECTOR.

### IV.

#### THE PANTOUM.

The Pantoum is of Malay origin, and not at all ungraceful. It is more popular with the French than with us. The stanzas are of four lines, the second and fourth lines of each verse forming the first and third of each succeeding one, through an indefinite number of quatrains. At the close, the second and fourth lines of the last stanza are made from the first and third of the first verse. The following is in the best vein of that specialist, Austin Dobson, and suitable to this season of blue flies:—

#### IN TOWN.

The blue fly sung in the pane.

—TENNYSON.

Toiling in town is "horrid"  
(There is that woman again!)—  
June in the zenith is torrid,  
Thought gets dry in the brain.

There is that woman again:  
"Strawberries! fourpence a pottle!"  
Thought gets dry in the brain;  
Ink gets dry in the bottle.

"Strawberries! fourpence a pottle!"  
Oh, for the green of a lane!—  
Ink gets dry in the bottle;  
"Buzz" goes a fly in the pane.

Oh, for the green of a lane,  
Where one might lie and be lazy!  
"Buzz" goes a fly in the pane;  
Bluebottles drive me crazy!

Where one might lie and be lazy,  
Careless of town and all in it!—  
Bluebottles drive me crazy;  
I shall go mad in a minute!

Careless of town and all in it,  
With some one to soothe and to still you;  
I shall go mad in a minute;  
Bluebottle, then I shall kill you!

With some one to soothe and to still you,  
As only one's feminine kin do,—  
Bluebottle, then I shall kill you;  
There now! I've broken the window!

As only one's feminine kin do,—  
Some muslin-clad Mabel or May!—  
There now! I've broken the window!  
Bluebottle's off and away!

Some muslin-clad Mabel or May,  
To dash one with eau de cologne;—  
Bluebottle's off and away,  
And why should I stay here alone?

To dash one with eau de cologne,  
All over one's eminent forehead;  
And why should I stay here alone?  
Toiling in town now is "horrid."

### V.

#### THE RONDEL.

This is one of the earliest forms of Provençal verse, dating back to the old days of Froissart, in the fourteenth century. At first, the Rondel consisted of two verses, each having four or five lines, rhyming on two rhymes only. In its eight or ten lines, but five or six were distinct, the others being made by repeating the first couplet at the end of the second stanza, sometimes in an inverse order, and the first line at the end of the first stanza. Here is a sample of the fourteenth century, by Eustache Deschamps:—

Est-ce donc vostre intencion  
De vouloir retrancher mes gaiges,  
Vingt livres de ma pension?  
Est-ce donc vostre intencion?  
Laisser passer L'Ascension,  
Qui heenni soit vostre visaige!  
Est-ce donc vostre intencion  
De vouloir retrancher mes gaiges?

With Charles d'Orléans the Rondel took its present shape of fourteen lines on two rhymes, the first two lines repeating for the seventh and eighth and the final couplet.

The Rondel has proved uncommonly popular with our modern poets, almost all of whom have tried their hand upon it, with such success that it is hard to make a choice, within the narrow space

of this column. We shall favour the reader, however, with three or four of the best examples. Walter Crane's "Book of Hours" will do very well to begin with:—

This book of hours Love wrought  
With burnished letters gold;  
Each page with art and thought,  
And colours manifold.

His calendar he taught  
To youths and virgins cold;  
This book of hours Love wrought  
With burnished letters gold.

This priceless book is bought  
With sighs and tears untold,  
Of votaries who sought  
His countenance of old—  
This book of hours Love wrought  
With burnished letters gold.

Richard Wilton's "Benedicite," a paraphrase of the Psalm, *Benedicite omnia opera Domini Domino*, follows in the second place quite nicely:—

O all ye Green Things on the Earth,  
Bless ye the Lord in sun and shade;  
To whisper praises ye were made,  
Or wave to Him in solemn mirth.  
For this the towering pine hath birth,  
For this sprang forth each grassy blade;  
O all ye Green Things on the Earth  
Bless ye the Lord in sun and shade.

Ye wayside weeds of little worth,  
Ye ferns that fringe the woodland glade,  
Ye dainty flowers that quickly fade,  
Ye steadfast yews of mighty girth:  
O all ye Green Things on the Earth  
Bless ye the Lord in sun and shade.

The Rev. Charles D. Bell gives us a graceful monotone, "The sweet, sad years," showing the wonderful pliancy of the Rondel:—

The sweet, sad years; the sun, the rain,  
Alas! too quickly did they wane,  
For each some boon, some blessing bore,  
Of smiles and tears each had its store,  
Its chequered lot of bliss and pain.

Although it idle be and vain,  
Yet cannot I the wish restrain  
That I had held them evermore,  
The sweet, sad years!

Like echo of an old refrain  
That long within the mind has lain,  
I keep repeating o'er and o'er,  
"Nothing can e'er the past restore,  
Nothing bring back the years again,  
The sweet, sad years!"

For the final gem we shall add Austin Dobson's translation of Horace's ode (iii., 13), "O Fons Bandusiae," and that the reader of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED may judge of the fitness of the old Rondel for literal versions, we publish the Latin text, however well known:—

O fons Bandusiae, splendidior vitro,  
Dulci digne mero non sine floribus,  
Cras donaberis haedo  
Cui frons turgida cornibus  
Primis et venerem et praelia destinat,  
Frustra: nam gelidos inficiet tibi  
Rubro sanguine rivos  
Lascivi suboles gregis.  
Te flagrantis atrox hora Caniculæ  
Nescit tangere; tu frigus amabile  
Fessis vomere tauris  
Præbes et pecori vago.  
Fies nobilium tu quoque fontium,  
Me dicente cavis impositam illicem  
Saxis, unde loquaces  
Lymphae desiliunt tuæ.

Here is the translation:—

#### "O FONS BANDUSIAE."

O babbling spring, than glass more clear,  
Worthy of wreath and cup sincere,  
To-morrow shall a kid be thine  
With swelled and sprouting brows for sign—  
Sure sign!—of loves and battles near.

Child of the race that butt and rear!  
Not less, alas! his life-blood dear  
Must tinge thy cold wave crystalline,  
O babbling spring!

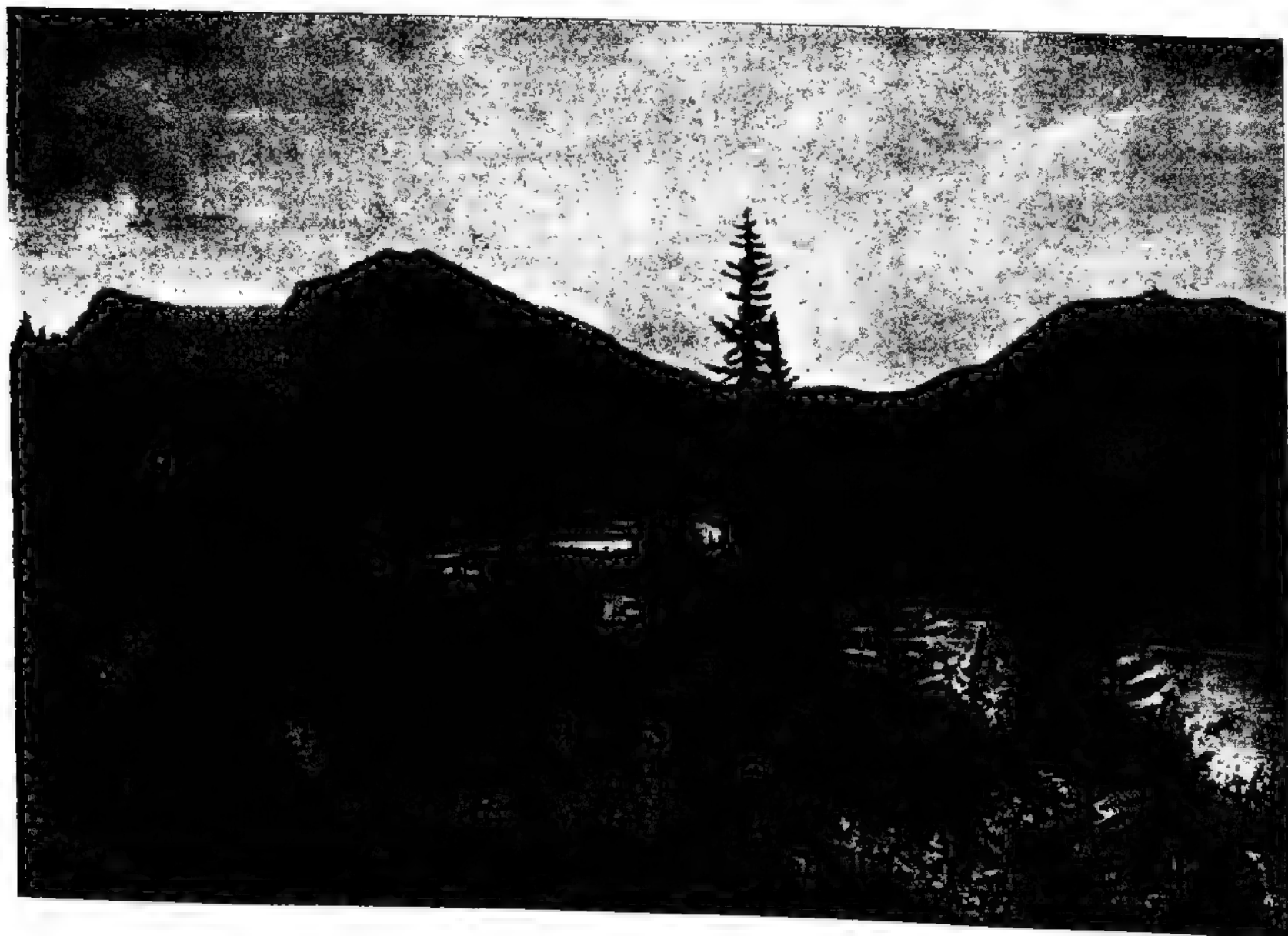
Thee Sirius knows not. Thou dost cheer  
With pleasant cool the plough-worn steer,—  
The wandering flock. This verse of mine  
Will rank thee one with founts divine;  
Men shall thy rock and tree revere,  
O babbling spring!





UNIVERSITY OF TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.

From a photograph by Bruce.



BOW RIVER PASS, ABOVE BANFF.

From a photograph by Dr. G. M. Dawson, in Geological Survey Report



SEASIDE COSTUMES.



INDIAN METHOD OF FISHING, ON THE SKEENA RIVER, B.C.



## CANADIAN WRITERS.

It has been whispered that an historical novel, Canadian in scope and treatment, and referring to the early part of the eighteenth century, is being written and is nearly completed. I do not think I am violating any confidence in stating that the author is Mr. H. Beaugrand. He wields a facile pen, but whether he can do justice to his subject remains to be seen. Certain it is that no one wishes him more success in this work than I do. The field is an almost untrodden one, and the wealth of matter and incident to be treated of is apt to seduce a writer into superficiality and even mis-statement.

The histories of Canada hitherto published are, speaking of them as a whole, unsatisfactory and perfunctory; all are marred, even to the very latest, by prejudice and provincialism, and many contain glaring historical errors. These latter are due, in a great measure, to lack of investigation, for which, it must be confessed, our paternal and patriotic governments, both Provincial and Federal, are very seriously to blame. But little has been done relatively in the way of securing copies of manuscripts, now in the archives at Paris; of State papers in London, and of a large amount of uninvestigated matter, which certainly exists in Spanish and Portuguese collections. The historical societies of New York and Massachusetts have done much more in this regard than have the Canadian governments, and Canadian students must rely on transcripts of these documents, some of them still unpublished, for the verification of certain historical facts. I am well aware of the good work, in fact, most excellent work, being done by Mr. Douglas Brymner, as public archivist, and only regret that his earnest efforts are not encouraged still more by large grants from the public purse. If fifty thousand dollars were given annually, for four or five years, an extremely valuable collection might be made.

And, hidden away in private collections, throughout the Province of Quebec, is much valuable material which should be accessible in some shape or other to the student. The difficulties of consulting these precious documents are only known to those who have made the attempt. I have had personal experience of this, and I regret to say that the jealousy of some collectors is such that consultation of matter in their possession is refused, or so beset with conditions as to render it practically impossible. In this connection, however, I have much pleasure in stating that to Messrs. D. R. McCord, of Montreal, and J. M. LeMoine, of Quebec, I am greatly indebted for favours extended from their valuable collections. There are others, I am sure, who are as obliging, but many seem to think their collections are "caviare to the general," and entirely forbidden to the few who need them.

Of late it would appear that a taste and demand for Canadian historical matter have been on the increase, and it is sincerely to be hoped this is true. The recently formed Society for Historical Studies in Montreal has been the means of bringing forth some admirable papers, which, it is sincerely to be desired, will be issued in a permanent form, and, of course, properly edited before publication. The trouble with many of our amateur historians or historical specialists is that their matter is altogether too redundant, and they frequently make statements not warranted by the historical evidence. It is ever to be remembered that there is much yet to be known about our earlier history, and much of the ecclesiastical matter has to be very carefully judged and examined. New facts are yearly coming to light, so that a writer has to be extremely careful in his conclusions. I might give many instances to confirm this.

It will, doubtless, be suggested to many—what profit is there in these writings to the writer? And the answer is not an encouraging one—nor is literature, historical or otherwise, a profitable profession in any country, except to the greater lights. And Canada is no different in this particular. A Canadian writer of merit can succeed here, and even writing only of Canadian subjects. But

those, or, at least, many of those, who assume to be Canadian writers, are mere scribblers, having never had any practical training. And yet they are the first to find fault with the Canadian public for lack of appreciation. It would hardly do for me to specify more particularly. Efforts have been made, from time to time, to establish a monthly magazine, a literary weekly, and all have been very conspicuous failures. Why? Well, I must candidly confess that my honest opinion is that they did not deserve public support. The *New Dominion Monthly*\* was a wretched affair, both in matter, literary style, choice of articles, printed very badly and on poor paper. It met a deserved death. The monthly started in Toronto, which also came to an early grave, was much better; still it was wishy-washy, and aimed at servile imitation of the leading English and American reviews. Like many imitations, it was a complete failure. And that weekly, the *Canadian Spectator*, which started out with such a noise and such a beating of trumpets, dragged out a miserable existence. It was soon seen that it was only a donkey in a lion's skin.

Writers forget the important element in the establishing of a weekly or monthly—namely, the business management and financing. And writers must remember that, though their articles may be very clever, they may not be worth ten cents to the publication to which it is sent. Of Newton's *Principia* probably not more than fifty copies a year are sold, yet no one will deny their exceeding value. And I must say that Canadian writers—the majority of them—are sadly in need of experience and training—that is, practical training in journalism. Some may possess it through intuition, but they are very few.

Montreal.

HIRAM B. STEPHENS.

[\* The writer was quite a youth, I fancy, when the *New Dominion Monthly* was going on, and hence his unsatisfactory impression. It must be remembered that this was one of the pioneers of periodical journalism, quite equal to the opportunities of the times, and numbered among its contributors some of the best writers of the period. Bound sets of the *Dominion Monthly* would probably furnish very pleasant and useful reading to-day. Mr. Stephens speaks out his mind, like a man, on historical and other writers of Canada, and he, and others who have the right of speech on such subjects, are welcome to these columns.—Editor DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.]

## A CHILD'S PITY.

No sweeter thing than children's ways and wiles,  
Surely, we say, can gladden eyes and ears;  
Yet, sometimes sweeter than their words or smiles,  
Are even their tears.

To one, for once, a piteous tale was read,  
How, when the murderous mother crocodile  
Was slain, her fierce brood famished and lay dead,  
Starved, by the Nile.

In vast green reed-beds on the vast grey slime,  
Those monsters motherless and helpless lay,  
Perishing only for the parents' crime,  
Whose seed were they.

Hours after, toward the dusk, our small blithe bird  
Of Paradise, who has our hearts in keeping,  
Was heard or seen, but hardly seen or heard,  
For pity weeping.

He was so sorry, sitting still apart,  
For the poor little crocodiles, he said,  
Six years had given him, for an angel's heart,  
A child's instead.

Feigned tears the false beasts shed for murderous ends,  
We know from travellers' tales of crocodiles;  
But these tears wept upon them of my friend's  
Out-hine his smiles.

What heavenliest angels of what heavenly city  
Could match the heavenly heart in children here?  
The heart that, hallowing all things with its pity,  
Casts out all fear?

So lovely, so divine, so dear their laughter  
Seems to us, we know not what could be more clear.  
But lovelier yet we see the sign thereafter  
Of such a tear.

With sense of love, half laughing and half weeping,  
We met your tears, our small sweet-spirited friend,  
Let your life have us in your heavenly keeping  
To life's last end.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.



The Bishop of Carlisle in a sermon referred to "a text floating in a vast quantity of weak soup." The subject of his discourse must have been the oyster.

Professor of English—"I wish you could have been present at our college commencement."

Speaker of English—"I was, sir. I helped lay the corner stone."

"Fellow citizens," exclaimed a Smithville orator, "when the war cry rang over this broad land—" "You was in the barn loft, under six foot of fodder!" shouted a man in the crowd who knew him.

Woman (kindly)—"You say you are very hungry, my poor man; that you have had but little to eat for several days?"

Tramp (very earnestly)—"Madame, there is a wooden toothpick that has lasted me nearly three weeks."

She (of Boston)—"I have seen it stated that Browning has refused \$1,000 for a short poem."

He—"Is it possible! Why, what do you suppose he means?"

"Impossible to say. Nobody knows what Browning means."

"Can I get a position as canvasser for that new book you intend to issue?"

Publisher—"Do you know anything about the book?"

"Yes, I'm the author; and I thought if I could get a position as canvasser I might be able to make a little money out of it."

A Biddeford man while washing the outside of his own windows with the hose thought he would do a neighbourly kindness for the lady who lived in the tenement overhead. He meant well, but as the deceptive scenic screens failed to show him that the windows were wide open, the effect was not just what he expected.—*Lewiston Journal*.

Mrs. Bradleigh—"What name did the Abbots decide on for their new yacht?"

Mr. Bradleigh—"They call her the Come-in-To-morrow, I believe."

Mrs. Bradleigh—"What an awfully slow name!"

Mr. Bradleigh—"Yes, but it harmonizes beautifully with the way she is being paid for."

Friend—"I called to see, Courtly, if you could let me have the \$20 you borrowed a couple of months ago of me."

Courtly—"Can't do it possibly this morning, dear boy."

Friend—"Well, I was passing, and I thought I would stop, thinking I would catch you in."

Courtly—"Yes; five minutes later and I would have been out. You are in luck; yes, you are positively lucky."

Gerald Griffin, in a letter, mentions that one morning at breakfast he asked the waiter, at the Inn of Bromham, did he know anything about Mr. Thomas Moore, of Sloperton Cottage.

"Yes," replied the waiter, "he is a poet."

"I did not know," writes Griffin, "whether to embrace the man for knowing so much, or to kick him for knowing so little."

"Mr. Scrapem," said the hostess to an amateur violinist at an evening gathering, "you play the violin, do you not?"

"Yes—after a fashion, you know," was the modest reply.

"How nice!" murmured half the company.

"Did you bring your violin with you?"

"No, I did not."

"How nice!" murmured the half of the company in fervent unison.—*Merchant Traveller*.

A TOUGH BOY—"Your wickedness will bring down your father's gray hair in sorrow to the grave," said an Austin school teacher to the worst boy in the school.

"Oh, no, I guess not."

"Are you going to reform, then, and lead a new life?"

"Not much; but I'm not going to bring the old man's gray hair in sorrow to the grave, for the old duffer wears a wig and belongs to a cremation society."

A—"Have you read Mr. Gladstone's remarks upon Col. Ingersoll's rejoinder to Dr. Field's answer to Ingersoll's reply to Dr. Field's Open Letter to Mr. Ingersoll's retort to Gladstone?"

B—"No, I have not; but I am waiting with no little interest Mr. Gladstone's reply to Col. Ingersoll's retort to Dr. Field's Open Letter to Mr. Ingersoll's rejoinder to Dr. Field's answer to Col. Ingersoll's reply to Mr. Gladstone's remarks."

As he arranged her rugs and adjusted her steamer chair she said, dreamily:

"Mr. Byron, don't you think the Etruria is just the sweetest ship afloat?"

"No, indeed, Miss Classic, I don't do anything of the kind," he murmured.

"What ship do you prefer, then—the Umbria?" she enquired, with some surprise.

"Well, I think courtship is about the sweetest of the fleet, don't you?" he asked, innocently.

But she pretended to be asleep.



## CANADA IN ENGLAND.

The following, from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is pretty well put and complimentary. The readers of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED will be glad to keep the paragraph as a memorial:—

"An increasing spirit of self-reliance, an increasing consciousness of strength," without any diminution of "filial allegiance and devotion" to the Mother Country, are the signs Lord Lansdowne detects in Canadian life. Patriotism and energy go on developing. The Marquis of Lorne says very much the same thing. "The spirit of union which had led to the Federal constitution had created a nation." Canadian growth inevitably suggests the Irish question. If a nation can be made out of Frenchmen and Englishmen, old settlers and new, and the raw elements of a young colony, what hope is there not for Ireland under some Federal arrangement? The Canadian Dominion is now twenty-one years old. The experiment doubted by the timid has become an example for the wise. Federation is a novelty in the British Empire. It appears to cut up political power into "small morsels," as Sir Henry Maine has declared to be the tendency of modern liberty, but that scission is perfectly compatible with large views, with political growth, and with Imperial patriotism. Canada is the example that silences scepticism.



Manitoba's surplus of wheat, this year, will amount to 20,000,000 bushels.

A largely attended Blackfoot sun dance was held last week near Calgary. Only two braves were made.

It has been decided to appeal to the Supreme Court against the decision of Chief-Justice Ritchie in the Ayer case.

Considerable amounts of liquor and tobacco have been seized while being smuggled into Canada from St. Pierre and Miquelon.

Canada has the largest per capita average of railway mileage of any country in the world, the number of miles being over 13,000.

The interviews of Gabriel Dumont in eastern papers are looked upon by his compatriots in Winnipeg as the vapourings of a man seeking a little cheap notoriety.

The French Admiral on the North American station has arrived at St. John's, Nfld. It is understood that the flag-ship Bellerophon is also on her way to that port.

Grasshoppers are more plentiful in Carleton, Russell and Ottawa counties than they have been for ten years past, and are doing considerable damage on high lying farms to grass crops, and also to oats and barley.

The big tree that stood since 1822 on the corner of Scott and Gabriel streets, Quebec, has been felled to the ground. It was planted by Mr. Ernest, ship builder, and was one of the best known landmarks in the city.

The Ottawa Fisheries Department has concluded the payment of bounty claims to Canadian fishermen, who number over forty-five thousand. Forty thousand cheques, involving an expenditure of \$150,000, were issued.

Permits in the Northwest are now being issued to keepers of hotels, with a capacity of twelve sleeping apartments and stabling for five horses, to import and sell beer containing 4 per cent. of alcohol, the Government receiving 10 cents per gallon.

The Calgary district has this year produced about 200,000 pounds of wool, of a fine quality. There are, it is said, about 40,000 head of sheep in the immediate vicinity of Calgary. These western ranch sheep are all cross breeds of Merinos, similar to the Montana sheep.

Complaints are made by the Newfoundland fishermen that caplin are getting scarcer and do not "school" on the shore in such vast bodies as formerly. They attribute the scarcity to the practise of seining this bait in large quantities for farming purposes, and say that caplin are deserting their spawning grounds in consequence.

At the last meeting of the council of the Manitoba Rifle Association it was decided that the annual matches should be held at the Stoney Mountain ranges in August, the exact date not yet being fixed. Capt. Swinford, 90th Rifles, who has so ably filled the office of secretary to the association, asked to be relieved, as he expected to be absent from town all summer. His resignation was accepted, and Major Buchan, Mounted Infantry corps, was appointed to the position.

## LUNDY'S LANE.

SEVENTY-FOURTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BATTLE.

The seventy-fourth anniversary of the battle of Lundy's Lane was right loyally celebrated on the 25th ult., at the historical little village of Drummondville, on the ground where the battle was fought. The village was crowded with Canadians and Americans from New York State. The graves of those who fell and were buried in trenches in the old village graveyard were profusely decorated with flowers and Union Jacks. From wires stretched above trenches hung the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack, side by side. The grave of Laura Secord, who walked to Beaver Dam and gave information of the approach of the American army to the British troops, has, with her husband's, been restored and enclosed with a handsome picket fence. They also were decorated with flowers and Union Jacks. At 2 p.m. all the places of historical interest and position of the contending armies were pointed out to the visitors, and, later on, a meeting was held at which speeches were made and appropriate resolutions passed. Several Americans took part in the platform exercises.

## GOOD ADVICE ABOUT THE EYES.

Of all the organs of sense, the eye is the most ornamental as well as the most useful. Every object we see has its picture formed on the back wall of the eye, a picture as distinct as that in the camera obscura. How the impression is carried along the optic nerve to the brain is beyond our knowledge. In gathering distant pictures the normal eye finds no trouble, but it is in near work, as reading or sewing, that the difficulty comes. In reading, the book should be held at a distance of from ten to fifteen inches from the eyes. The reader's position should be such that the light may fall on the book and not on the eyes. The light itself should be sufficient; nothing is so injurious to the eyes as poor light in reading. Next to sunlight, the incandescent light gives the best illumination for reading, and all notions of the injurious effects on the eyes of the electric light are erroneous. Reading while riding in the cars should be avoided. The jolting and shaking of the train cause a great strain to the eyes and injures them.

There is a great deal of popular prejudice against spectacles, but there are two good reasons why they should be worn, and only two. One is that we may see better, and the other that strain on the eyes may be relieved. The near-sighted child should wear spectacles, because they are the best preventive against increase of near-sightedness, and also because he loses a great part of his education in not being able to see more than a few feet away. When a person grows old the power of accommodation is lost, and even if he be not near-sighted, the hardening of the crystalline lens prevents sight at short distances. Hence he is obliged to wear glasses. The vast majority of persons who wear glasses can see as well without them. They use them to avoid a constant strain on the eyes. The act of focalization is a muscular act continually. The results are headache, irritability and nausea. The only remedy in such cases is to wear glasses. For eyes in a healthy state, pure cold water is the best wash. When the eyelids are inflamed, a weak solution of salt and water makes the best domestic eye lotion. Never apply poultices to the eye.

THE VIOLET IN VOGUE.—It is curious that the modest violet should have become the favourite flower at the same moment in Paris and in Berlin. The Emperor Frederick affected it as his father did the cornflower; the vases in his room were kept supplied with violets; the curtains and carpets were violet coloured; the loyal Berliners wore violets as a token of their devotion to the Kaiser; they figured in advertisements of all sorts. The enormous trade which is being done in violets at Paris this year is reported to be due to a discovery recently made by a well-known author. He has

got a sight of the recipe used by the Empress Josephine as a means for rendering her "beautiful for ever," and to which she owed that marvellous tint which was the wonder and despair of the French ladies of the time. The wife of Napoleon used to have boiling milk poured over a basin full of violet flowers and with this decoction she bathed her face and neck every morning. No sooner was this old secret brought to light than the Parisian ladies began to order great basketsful of violets to be left at the doors daily, and this home-made cosmetic is reported to be in daily use this season by thousands.

## THE DOCTOR OF THE POOR.

(FROM JACQUES JASMIN.)

Noon chimed at Boé, as two girls appeared,  
Each from a woodland pathway. Soon they neared  
The old stone windmill, doubtful whether  
Their stroll could be prolonged together.  
From their slight figures it was seen  
The years of each were nigh fifteen—  
Each with complexion, fresh and fair,  
But not the same brisk, buoyant air.  
One was all smiles, and danced along,  
Flowers in her hand, with mirth and song:  
Her playmate walked with tardier pace,  
"Whither, dear Mariette, away?"  
Exclaimed the grave one to the gay:  
"To Agen I am bound to-day,  
And soon shall pass beneath the shade  
That by its arching limes is made.  
I only hope I may be sure  
To find the Doctor of the Poor:  
I'm taking him this sweet bouquet,  
And silver, too, our debt to pay;  
See the bright pieces! Shall I count?  
Well, they in all to ten amount,  
And, let me tell you, we have others  
Laid by within a drawer of mother's!"  
The simple child, without perceiving  
That she to whom she spoke was grieving,  
Paused to reflect, a moment's while,  
Then said between a tear and smile:  
"We all had fever in the winter past—  
We were too poor the needful drugs to buy—  
And, when our furniture was sold, at last,  
Nothing was left for us, except to die!  
Oh! then, a gentleman with smiling face  
Came to our home, and, looking round the place,  
Cried: 'My good friends! they told me you were ill,  
And I am here to cure you—not to kill.'  
My mother answered: 'Sir, it is too late:  
The end draws nigh, and we must yield to fate.  
Physic is dear, and, ere our lives have fled,  
Our last few *sons* must go to purchase bread.'  
I saw him shiver at the tale she told—  
My bed had then no curtains—they were sold—  
'Ye rich!' he cried: but with the words he joins  
A gift to mother of some silver coins.  
'Accept, poor dame, this succour from a friend—  
Blush not! your troubles soon, I trust, will end,  
And, when hereafter you are more at ease,  
You can repay the money, as you please.'  
My mother bless'd him. Soon a change took place.  
The Doctor's care, kind voice, and smiling face,  
Aiding his magic fever-draughts, assured  
Almost a miracle, and we were cured!  
Since then, no troubles in our pathway lurk,  
My mother, brothers, and myself all work;  
He, like the swallows, brought good luck, I vow,  
And we are happy—poor no more—and thou?"  
"And I? I weep: I suffer deeply thus!  
Ill-luck abandoned you, and flew to us.  
My father now is lying ill in bed,  
So worn, that soon I fear he will be dead,  
If this kind Doctor, who can aid the sick,  
Comes not to aid him with his medicine, quick."  
"O poor, dear Isabelle! I pity thee!  
And I, who laughed so gaily! Come with me,  
And find the Doctor: he will always go  
To help poor people in their hour of woe,  
And thus, it haps he is not rich, they say,  
But God will bless him to his dying day."  
Cheered by these words, they travell'd fast—  
The road seemed shorter now—

And, when beneath the trees they pass'd,  
Each maiden bent her brow.  
O'er the Long Bridge, at length they reach the street,  
But, by a house, what vision meets the gaze?  
A Cross—some Priests, whose chant is sad and sweet—  
They listen in amaze.  
Poor Isabelle is trembling like a reed;  
A corpse! she muses on her father's need,  
Then quickly nears a weeping group to say:  
"Doctor Durand—where is he living, pray?"  
"Hast thou not heard! Behold! he comes this way!"  
Yes, it was he, in truth, who came, but dead—  
Dead—in his coffin—tapers at his head—  
Mourned by the poor, who ne'er would see him more;  
And, in the train of those whose hearts were sore,  
Whose bitter tears fell fast,  
Two more poor children pass'd!  
Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.





NOT WHAT HE WANTED.

ARTIST: Yes, sir; I can enlarge this photograph, and give you a speaking likeness.

WIDOWER (WHOSE KNOWLEDGE OF ART TERMS IS LIMITED, BUT WHO HAS A VERY VIVID REMEMBRANCE OF DECEASED): A speaking likeness! I would like the portrait, but—but I—er—don't care to have it talk much.

## THE Canadian Pacific Railway

has provided its usual extensive list of tourist tickets to the various summer resorts of Canada and New England, which may be obtained at its different agencies at very reasonable rates.

Among the most desirable localities covered by these tickets may be mentioned Banff, Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Ore, and San Francisco. The sleeping and dining cars of the company's transcontinental trains are proverbial for their comfort and luxury, and now that the hotels at Banff, Field, Glacier, Fraser Cañon and Vancouver are all completed and open for guests, every want of the traveller is carefully provided for.

Tourist tickets to the above mentioned points are good for six months and permit stop over at pleasure.

From Montreal the rates are:

To Banff and return.	- \$90 00
To Vancouver, Victoria, Tacoma, Seattle, or Portland and return.	125 00
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